THE MAN WITH THE MACTER MIND BEING THE CHRONICLES OF CARLTON CLARKE, TELEPATHO-DEDUCTIVE SOLVER OF CRIMINAL MYSTERIES.

The Bride of the Yellowstone



HE man was English: that was evident at first glance. Moreover he was of that ubiquitous type of sneering, faultfinding Britisher whose favorite tipple has won him, in the Far East, the opprobrious title of 'Limejuicer." The

oman-well, we had more difficulty in classifying her. The accent and he clothes were English beyond the possibility of the most charitable eror. But the piquant, sad face, the oulful brown eyes, the cheeks of ark but wholesome and even color, the full red lips, the small and delicately molded features, these were legacies perhaps of French ancestors. more likely tokens of that conglemerate strain now called the American ype; but English, never.

Of course, being men, it was the coman who first and more greatly interested Carlton Clarke and myself when we encountered the couple, the first morning out of Chicago, on the observation platform of the Los Anceles limited. The interest was pardonable for, although on this long-planned vacation to Uncle Sam's amusement park, the Yellowstone, we had promised ourselves to forget absolutely all mysteries and their solution, telepathic, occult, deductive or otherwise, we could not refrain from indulging in a little harmless speculation concerning the only two persons in the train's company who seemed to possess any possible degree of hu-

Acquaintanceships are not so necessary nor so easily formed on transcontinental train as on a trans-Atlantic liner, and so we made no effort to penetrate the reserve with which "Lord and Lady Labels," the title their luggage suggested to us, chose to surround themselves. Nor was their reserve more impenetrable than

True, had we so wished we might have broken the ice with my lord concerning a certain prize fight soon to take place in San Francisco, which we heard him excitedly discussing with George, the porter. But even had we not been sufficient unto ourselves I would have been loath to dispel the aura of mystery with which I had invested the lady of the piquant face and the dreamy eyes.

They're from London. They came by the Cunard line. That much is clear from their luggage," remarked Clarke. "Moreover, they made a hurried trip from New York to Liverpool and back again, according to the labels, and I am inclined to believe the woman acquired her clothes and her accent in this short space of time for I will stake anything she is American. The man is a crook if I know anything of physiognomy. I can't say just what is wrong, but the overmastering enaracteristic in his face is greed. Now, I've satisfied your curiosity and I nope you will leave me to

烂 堤 Beginning of Friendship.

But Clarke had not satisfied my curiosity concerning the in assorted pair. He had wherted it, and somean appealed to me in a manner I would have found difficult to analyze.

We had the drawing room, and the couple of mystery the stateroom adjoining it. Consequently we frequently met them face to face in the narrow passageway while on our journeys to and from the dining car or the observation car. These meetings were matters of silent formality in which we flattened ourselves against the polished mahogany woodwork to allow them to pass. And I could not help but no tice that whatever the order in which they approached the passageway the husband always fell back and com pelled his wife to proceed. It might have been mere politeness, but why Gid he always take the lead except when passing us? And why did he watch her head so exosely to see that turned neither to the right nor to the left?

We passed thus many times during the first day of the journey and only once was the usual order reversed. Then the husband was so far in advance that to have wafted would have been to make his object too apparent. Or else he forgot his vigilance for the moment and passed us looking straight ahend and not acknowledging our presence by so much as a "thank you."

The wife followed, her eyes to the floor. As she came opposite my elbow she raised her nead and gave me a look full in the eyes, a look so full of helpless appeal that it startled me. 1 could do no more than slightly bend my head when the man glanced suspiciously around. The eves immediately fell to the floor again and the incident was as if it had not hap-

The English couple were just coming from the diner. We were on our way there in response to the last call for dinner. We had the diner practically to curselves and I lost no time in telling Clarke of the incident in the

"There's something wrong there, Clarke, I'm sure of it.

"There certainly is when a pretty wife gives a handsome fellow like you a rapid fire glance in a dark passageway," banteringly returned Clarke.

"No," I returned earnestly. "There is something seriously wrong. She needs our help in some way, and it's up to us to find out. There's a mystery there to be solved."

'My dear Sexton," yawned Clarke, wearily. "Can't you divorce yourself from the idea of work? This is a vacation. If you must have material for what you call your literary efforts. wait until we get to the park and then write a guide book of the Yellowstone.

there is a crying need for a good one. I admit the woman might be interesting were she alone, but the man is imbe interested in them."

Clarke Is Interested.

It was only a half an hour afterward that Clarke changed this view entirely and found himself so vastly interested in the mysterious English couple animals of the park. that our vacation, the Yellowstone, and everything else paled into insig-

It was stifling hot, and when we had finished our dinner we found the observation platform, the only place

"Let's go to our quarters where we can shed our clothes, turn on the electric fan, and be comfortable," I sug-

Our drawing-room connected with the stateroom of the English couple casion be thrown together en suite. This door bolted upon our side, and I presume upon the other also. We had removed most of our garments, and had settled down to read and to be as comfortable as possible when our attention was attracted by a stealthy scratching sound at the base of this

I looked down and saw the corner of an envelope appear, I callied Clarke's attention and we watched it until the entire envelope, a long, white one, stuffed so full of papers that it went under the door with difficulty, lay on the floor at our feet.

"Our pretty haison progresses," whispered Clarke. "There is a billet doux for you.

I hastily seized the envelope and emptied its contents on the reading table. And then Clarke and I stared and gaped in helpless and idotic astonishment. Before us lay bonds of the United Zinc Corporation to the value of \$750,000.

note paper with the crest of the Los Angeles limited at the top. Clarke and I read it silently.

"To Mr. Cariton Clarke: I am taking what I believe to be the only course to save these papers and my life. By the time we reach Old Faithfull inn i hope to devise some disposi-tion to ask you to make of them. Until then guard them well. I know l can trust you. Destroy this note at

once. Lady Ethelbert Snively. "Now what do you think of that?"
I gasped in a whisper.

"What is the use of thinking?" answered Clarke. "We will wait. Lady Snively, you are a brilliant woman You are a physiogonomist of the highest order. You are taking an awful chance, but you have put your trust in the right men. We will be true to it and see this thing through to the end." And Clarke took off his traveling cap and gravely bowed toward the door that separated us from the mystery beyond.

"And now, Sexton," he continued, "there is but one course for us to pursue and that is to act as if nothing has happened. It is safe to say the husband will not suspect us unless we give him cause to do so. Nothing is likely to happen on this train, and the next act of the drama is laid at Old

览 煜 No Change in Manner.

When we met the English couple, or privileged to call them, on the ob servation platform the next morning we could discern absolutely nothing each other nor toward us than in seemed, as usual, utterly wrapped up in his own selfish self and oblivious to his wife and to the other passengers on the platform. Once Clarke exchange of telepathic glances passed eyes looking into mine when her huswith all the power of my soul to make and that we were on the job to the end. The bonds were safely strapped in Clarke's money belt, next to his body, and, without boasting, between the two of us, I would have defied any six men to take them away from him. No further incident occurred during

of armed neutrality continu At Orden we watched with interest o be assured that the couple of mystery transferred to the Yellowstone. It would have complicated matters and been embarrassing if they had gone one way while we, with the bonds, went another. Our routes were the same, however, and when we boarded the Short Line sleeper we found them in the opposite section, pre-empted by a party of German

the railroad journey, and the state

After breakfast at Yellowstone station the next morning our entire party, numbering about fifty, were loaded into the big M.-Y. stages for the thirty-two-mile drive to the Upper Geyser basin and Old Faithful Inn. Clarke and I had a surrey to out "Bo" being Yellowstone slang for univer. We also traveled "special." That is, we were relieved from achering to the regular schedule laid down by the *piece of forest architecture, Old Faithstage company. What was infinitely more to my relief we were spared the company of Lord and Lady Snively, who went in one of the stages. Knowing what we did, with the mystery of those three-quarters of a million hanging over our heads, their presence could not but have jarred upon the beautiful panorama of canyons, forests, and dashing mountain streams through which we were passing. For my part I chose to forget them and

From those I have read I am sure than I to awaken to the mystery it now absorbed his very being. sure he saw none of the landscape through which we passed and his maspossible, and as a family I refuse to ter mind was busy with the problem. After several vain endeavors to

draw his attention to the landscape I left him to his thoughts and taking the front seat with Bo Hughes I swallowed with avidity and apparent gullibility his marvelous tales of beav-

提 提 Meet Again at Geyser.

We reached the Fountain lunch sta-

This would be a dangerous place to travel about on at night, Bo," I said to Hughes as we clambered up and down the mounds of calcareous deposit, between bottomless pools of boiling water, peering down into the growling, sulphurous depths of the "Lion and the Cubs," threading the treacherous and precipitous sides of "Grotto" and feeling beneath our feet the hollow crunch of the crust that seemed but a thin partition between the beautiful world above and the regions of the inferno beneath.

張 班 Satan at Bottom of Each.

"You're mighty right." answered Hughes. "I never knowed of but one man that ever come over here at night and he wandered out o' the hotel, drunk er crazy er somethin', tion and the Lower Geyser basin in and never showed up no more. No sir,

I found you out in time, though I don't see why it was not before I married

'But my deah," drawled the hushand, "you surely can't believe all that beastl; rot. Cawn't a fellow have a beastly clipping in his bag without inn, a light he being a bloomin' crook? Haven't I rugged facade. brought you out to this beastly hole and given you everything you want-

"Yes, with m yown mon /,' interrupted the wife.

Greek Meets Greek.

'And didn't I take you to London,' continued my lord, unmindful of the interruption, "when it was deuced inconvenient for me to go, and now you won't give me as much as a bob to save me?"

"Yes, and why did you leave Lon-

"You know I couldn't stay in Lon-

"Yes. I knew you had searched my

"Then-" The sentence was lost in

don another day with the beastly hay

fever coming on, Alice. Now, what

luggage, liar. Don't give yourself any

false hopes. You will never see them

"Oh, yes. I know you are perfectly capable of killing me just as you did

She was interrupted by a snart of

rage from my lord, and I thought for

a moment that we were going to have

but they quieted down and the talk

this afternoon," whispered Clarke.

"It seems to be their stock conversa-

tion. I wonder—. No it can't be him. He wouldn't be so bold."

Clarke was talking to himself now

and so I slipped out and took a stroil

about the mammoth rotunda of the

the drinking fountain and we sat down

over a cigar while I revelou in his

picturesque conversation. Either it

was Lo Hughes' powers of descrip-

tion or something soporific in the

about Clarke and the draina we were

watching until I was suddenly re-

called to my duty by noticing that the

guests had slipped away to their rooms

rotunia with the exception of the

Asking Bo to come with me I rose

to go back to Clarke's room, when a

shawled and veiled figure stole down

was the English woman. She had

gone but a tew minutes when the tig

ure of a man followed. I drew Bo

back into the shadow that he might not see us. It was Lord Snively. I

was tiptoeing down the corridor to

apprise Clarke when his figure loomed

and me to follow he slipped out the door in the rear of the mysterious

No moon was shining, but the night

of the shadow, and motioning Bo

the corridor and out the doorway,

I encountered Bo Hughes at

drifted into commonplaces.

o rush in and take a hand then there,

have you done with those papers?

a hiss of rage.

those other women."

dred yards behind her came the man. An equal distance behind him we closed up the rear.

At the right "Old Faithful" was and fifty feet into the air. Behind us towered the gigantic catlines of the inn, a light here and there along its

災 災 Dashing to Her Death.

"Great guns, she's making for the formation! it's suicide," I whispered. We reached the edge of the treacherous sea of alternate limestone and bolling water. There, already far out upon it, was the woman dashing blindly and heedlessly along with instant and awful death on either side of her. carefully and cautiously.

Would we dare to follow? I for one shuddered at the thought of being out in the midst of those awful forces of nature in the darkness where one false step meant a plunge into boiling water would strip the bones of their flesh almost in a twinkling.

"Come on, gents, follow me," whis-pered Bo. "I hain't been 'round this here park nine years for nothin'. I know every inch of this here formation just like one of my cayuses knows the trail to the M .- Y, barn. And so in Indian file we started, fol-lowing Hughes and picking our way gingerly between the spurting jets of steam. Clarke handed me a revolver and had his own in hand ready for action. Bo Hughes unlimbered a monstrous 44 from somewhere about his arms were useless unless it be that a quick shot from Clarke's steady hand might wing the man if the drama began to take the setting of murder. "We've lost them!" excitedly whispered Clarke.

where in sight.

"We'll pick 'em up all right when we round that geyser cone yonder," whispered Bo.

Yes; there they were as he had said, ut the scene was vastly changed. The woman had stopped her headong fligh, and was kneeling on the formation as if in prayer. In her clasped, unlifted hands we saw the glint of polished metal. Behind her the husband crept with outstretched arms Closer and closer he came, but she seemed unmindful of his presence. Were we to witness a murder or a suiride prevented? It was hard to tell.

We could do nothing but stand idly out, to advance, would be but to preon one knee and drew a careful bead on the advancir man. Bo Hughes did the same. As for me I was too fascinated for action.

agonized tear. The man threw up his ands and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up. Veritably it had, for when we rushed to the spot where we had last seen him we found mly the boiling, swirling waters of The Devil Well.

"She's got a down current that goes ruess. He won't never show up no ommented Bo Hughes.

The form of the woman lay outtretched on the formation a few feet ne's only fainted, I think," said

Clarke as we gently lifted her up. small jeweled revolver fell from her

姓 姓 She Had Only Fainted.

she regained consciousness with the fortune in case of my death?" handling, and looked wildly about

"You are free from him forever, Lady Snively," said Clarke.
"Thank God!" she exclaimed.

fear it is wicked to feel so, but it is

The absence of Lord Snively would be a difficult thing to explain at the was fully satisfied with our story, exhotel, and none of us relished the idea of an inquest with its consequent delay, to say nothing of the incriminating colors with which suspicious minds might invest the events of the night. But manifestly there was nothng to be done but to tell the truth. and so Clarke and I took Lady Snively between us and, piloted by Hughes, we picked our way carefully back over the quarter of a mile of treacherous formation. When we set foot on solid and safe ground again "Old

Faithful" was just beginning to play. The had played just as we started out, and so, according to his schedule, maintained throughout the centuries. we had been on the formation just sixty-nine minutes. It had not seem-"Merely a repetition of what I heard ed more than ten.

When we reached the hotel we found two very potent agencies at work in our favor: Clarke's reputawhich had penetrated even into the Yellowstone, and Bo Hughes, whose straight story admitted of no doubt. Without the knowledge of a single one of our fellow-passengers It was quietly arranged that we should all proceed in the morning by a special stage in charge of Hughes, to Mammouth station at the northern end of the park, there to make report to the cavalry colonel in command. This plan admitted of a few hours' sleep, of which we hastened to take advantage.

"And now, Lady Snively," began Clarke, when we were comfortably

Clarke, when we were comfortably stowed away in the stage the next morning, "perhaps you can tell us your story and we can advise you as to the future."

"Please do not call me Lady Snively," answered the brave little woman. "That name was my undoing and henceforth I am content to be plain Alice Hathaway. The story is brief and if it would only prove a warning to all foolish American girls I would feet that I have not lived it in vain. My father died when I was eighteen. He was one of the organizers of the United S. at s. Z. nc. C. eporalian, but before his death he had converted all of his stock into bonds. I was an only child and I suddenly found myself in the possession of the bonds which you have now. That was two years

SOUTH TOLDS

Pursued by a pack of dogs, a pretty fawn from the woods back of the city of Duluth, fied in the divention of the Washington School at Lake avenue and Third street. Down the hill it bounded, across the school building's basement window into the engine room, where it was captured by Ray Segog and the engineer.

The poor little animal was shaking like a leaf with the terror that had driven it into the school for protection, and was so worn out from its long run from the fires back of the hills, and its chase through the city's street, and Third street. Down the hill it bounded, across the school building's basement window into the engine room, where it was captured by Ray Segog and the engineer.

The poor little animal was shaking like a leaf with the terror that had driven it into the school for protection, and was so worn out from its long run from the fires back of the hills, and its chase through the city's street. Down the hill it bounded, across the school lawn and the city of Duluth, fied in the cit

woman walking briskly. About a hun- ago. I was young and foolish and my ideas of life had been gained from reading fiction, not the best, I be-lieve. When a real lord in the person of Lord Snively met me and asked my shooting steam and water a hundred hand in marriage I was innocent enough to believe I was making & great match.

姓 发 Went First to London.

"We went first to London. The world and the future looked lovely for a time, but the dream was soon dispelled. Suspicion began to gnaw upon my happiness when, instead of proceeding at once to his ancestral castle in Surrey as he had promised, we suddenly packed in an hour and made a hurried return to the United States. On the passage home I found in his luggage a newspaper clipping that set me thinking all the harder. It was the story of some villain in England, who, under various names, was suspected of marrying a number women, securing possesion of their

"J. Frederick Bannister, was it?" Sexton, I rather suspected from the first it was him. He was a sort of English Johann Hoch, and went under a number of aliases."

"Yes, Bannister was one of the names used, and the description in the paper fitted him so perfectly that, struggle as I might against the awful thought, I could not get it o... of my mind. He knew of my wealth and knew the safe deposit company with which it was kept. I determined to draw it out secretly and place it eige-where. I had secured the papers when, with the suddenness that marked all his movements, he told me we were going to the Yellowstone. I had no opportunity to place the bonds anywhere, so closely did he watch me. I am now convinced ne knew I had them on my person, for our journey was a constant series of quarrels over the question of my placing all my fortune in his hands, that he might redeem from mortgage his ancestral

During one of these quarrels, about the time we reached Chicago, I charged him directly with the clipping I had found in his luggage. His first look of terror and anger told me the shaft had struck and then he became the same inscrutable, oily villain as knew that upon my wits alone rested

train I studied you closely. Then I learned Mr. Clarke's name and it was at once familiar to me because Mrs. Richard King, whom I know quite well, had told me of your wonderful work and how you had rescued her and her husband from the wiles of a worker of black magic. I knew I could trust yeu.

nothing in the inture, but the alternative between death and the lifelong disgrace of being his wife. This was at Old Faithful Inn when he watched chance of communication with you I believe for the moment my mind gave way under the strain. I noticed that Snively was dezing in his chair, and an overmastering impulse seized me to get as far as possible from the hotel and end it all with the little revolver I had pre-vided for just such an emergency, and if it had not been for you brave gentlemen either I should have succeeded, or he would have killed me or I would have slain him. I believe it ail turned out for the best You received the note I slipped through the crack in the wall, Mr.

Never Saw Her Again.

"Yes, I received it all right," anhappiness to be able to restore it to its rightful owner living."

We found the commandant at Mammouth a most reasonable man. He acting only the promise, readily given, I assure you, that we would keep him advised of our whereabouts in powers above him should wish to inonire more closely into the matter, The stage company also treated us with marked consideration in insisting that we should resume our interrupted Snively, or Miss Hathaway, as we now called her, we saw safely on the train at Granger bound for the east, her fellow passengers no doubt little suspecting that she carried with her almost a

"Do you know," remarked Clarks, after we had resumed our sightseeing, "women are always unreasonable. If she really wanted to make away with herself why did she wander over almost three-quarters of a mile of formation with certain death on either side of her to do it with a pistol?"

side of her to do it with a pistol?"

As the question involved a problem that dates from Adam's loss of a rib it necessarily remained unanswered.

We never saw Miss Hathaway again, but twice each year Clarke and I receive each the interest upon \$10,000 worth of bonds of the United States Zinc Corporation. I suppose the bonds stand in our names, else why should they send us the interest? But I am sure neither of us is conscious of having earned any such reward.

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DEER IN A SCHOOL SURPRISES PUPILS

THE MAN THREW UPHIS HANDS AND DISAPPEARED AS IF THE EARTH HAD SWALLOWED HIM. in advance of the rest of the party and I reckon there's a devil awaitin' at the this castle that I am to take out of

tion," as the acres of limestone deposit made by the geysers is officially and technically known. Here again we met my lord and lady when the rest of the tourists came up, and were grouped reverently in a circle to watch the Fountain geyser, play, Snively clapped her hands in glee as seething steam, shot fifty feet into the

"Isn't it marvelous!" she exclaimed. Not a shade of trouble marked her countenance. She was a wonderful

"All beastly rot. Just a lot of beastly steam and water coming out of a beastly hole," said her cheerful husband, turning away with a disgust only surpassed by that with which he inspired every other member of

My heart beat a little faster as we began the last nine-mile lap to the Upper Geyser basin and Old Falthful Inn, but'I knew not what awaited us to Clarke the thinking part, I again Bo Hughes had began to interest me. He was a little chap, an ex-jockey, and he proudly boasted that he could-still ride at an even hundred without training. He had been by turns

mer. He was a wiry bundle of nerve and muscle and if it came to a light i instinctively discerned in him an ally hot to be despised.

The shidows of the Western snow peaks were lengthening when we arew up, in advance of the rest of the party, again by virtue of our "special," before the log pertals of that wonderful

winter and a park driver in the sum-

I was assigned to room 17 and Clarke to room 18. Lord and Lady Snively followed us and drew No. 19. Whatever the destiny that bound us together it seemed unbroken. Clarke went directly to his room, but I was there to see the Yellowstone

ion of the Upper Geyser basin before

Clarke roused to his duty sufficiently bottom of every one o' these here to walk out with me over the "forma- holes with a hook. Why, even the swatties, that's the soldiers, you know. what's detailed out here, like that ists don't carry off none o' the formation, they couldn't no more be dragged out here at night than you could get a cow puncher to herd sheert."

Faithful" go through its four-minute act, and it was time to go in and dress for dinner. Supposing Clarke was already at his toilet I went directly to my room and had begun the operation of shaving when I heard a gentle tap at the door. It was Clarke, and his face had a serious look.

"Hurry through with your dressing." he said. "The English folks have gone in to dinner and I want to make our hours agree with theirs. Sexto I've got the whele story, or nearly the ole of it, and it's bad. Very bad. I've no time to tell it all now, but it may be murder if we do not work fast and carefully. And the worst of it is that we can do nothing but wait and watch. A man can say a good deal to his wife before the law may interfere. way, the architect who built this hotel had a great eye for the picturesque but very little idea of privacy. See those cracks between the logs. The acoustic properties of the walls are perfect. But hurry with your dressing and I will go on in and keep an eye on our friends. We must not let them get cut of our sight a

It was all innocent enough at dinher. My lady at the table next to ours chatted as innocently and my lord und fault and sneered as naturally as if their flyes were a printed page When the dinner was over they went directly to their room and Clarke and disregarded the importunities of the ful" under the searchlight and quietly let ourselves into Carke's room. was not long before I found that Clarke had not spoken too highly of the acousties of the walls.

It was disgracefully like eavesdrapand I resolved to do that at any price, ping on an ordinary family row, but se I met Bo Hughes on his way from we knew that there was something stabling his team, and together we proceeded over the wonderful forma-

was clear and the light from the stars was equal to that of the moor in a

lesser altitude or in an atmosphere less clear. We saw the figure of the It was different with Clarke, Slower going down to see Old Faithful, which further, Lord Snively," we heard the THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE

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